English Iliads,

OR A

SEA-FIGHT

REVIEWED

IN A

POEM

Occasioned by the death of a person of Honour slain in the late War between the English and the Dutch.

By *J. W.*

Together with an *Irenicum*, or Reflections on the Trumpeter and Conditions of Peace.

——— *moriemur in ultis*
At moriemur ait ——— Virg. Æneid.

The noble Voluntiers free as mans Will
Æqually ready to be kill'd or kill.

——— ἐκὰν ἀέκοντί νε θυμῶ Hom. Iliad. 4.

But slavish Seamen forced by a Press
Stood on the Decks, like *Wooden men at Chess.*

London, Printed for *Jonathan Edwin* at the three Roses in *Ludgate Street*, 1674.

An Advice to a Friend to print his Poem, part being written ſome years paſt.

WHen ſence in Poeſie heightened cometh forth,
It doth not borrow from the times its worth,
As ſome ſpruce Wits, whom Fortune *doth renown*
For ſome caught upſtart humour of the Town.
Which when digeſted in a waggiſh Verſe,
Extorts a laugh from Clubbing Stationers,
Or ſome pert Novice. who will them commend,
If luckily a pair of lines do end,
Or ſome fond Poet, who writes Playes in rithm,
With a new meaſure vaumping up old time,
Which made Theatrical, the vulgar ſtares,
At's jingling verſe, tagg'd *as the* points *he wears,*
'Tis trifling Art which ſyllables cant vary,
What you write 's like Cæſars *Commentary,*
And what's eternal do not call too late,
That neither hath a Poſte *or* Antedate.

I. W.

ENGLISH ILLIADS,
OR A
SEA-FIGHT
REVIEWED
IN A
POEM

Occaſioned by the death of a perſon of Honour ſlain in the late War between the Engliſh and the Dutch.

On the Death of the Lord of
MAIDSTONE.

WEre't proper now to cry, or make ſad noiſe,
I'de borrow breath, or ſteal a *Stemors* voice
Rending the Earth for's Vault, and with my moan
The Earth ſhould eccho whilſt the Sea did groan.

His Mourners throat must all be Canon *bore*,
Who 'wails his fate, loud as the Seas must roar.
I call my *Muse*, which through a tender throat,
At vulgar death sends forth a whining note;
Here must be sighs like winds, which rageing blow
With lofty wings disordering all below.
Some with their sudden shrieks awaken'd death,
Whilst men expiring catch their mourners breath,
By which but half alive, they ghastly stare,
'Till Fates retake their *rescu'd* Prisoner,
Way with such accents, they are childish tones.
Honours disturb'd by 'frighting Female moans.

NOBLES *and* TARPOLLINS *compar'd.*

THough the bold Sailor's arm'd 'gainst wind and weather,
Whose Nerves like cordage knit his limbs together,
Whose

Whoſe joynts like Pulleys, and his Callous hand,
Like the Ships helm, can its vaſte bulk command:
And leggs and arms, as *yards* and *maſts*, whilſt he
Vaunts with his ſtrength, the Ships *Epitome*:
Rigg'd by his King he fears not to prevail,
Tallow'd in's *mels*, and when cloath'd under *ſail*,
Such a *Sea-man of War* by's own broadſide,
Not by the Ships, thinks himſelf fortified,
Though this *Pitcht Monſter* ſtrutting on the decks
In heat of fight melts like a Babe of wax:
Yet Nobles tender frame Seamen deride,
Not *built* by Nature t'outface wind and tide,
But the Tarpollin thinks his own skin buff,
Tann'd by the weather to be *Musket proof*,
And in his ſinews only made for toyl
Thinks himſelf wrapt as in a *cable coyl*.
Yet he's not ſafe, though he ſcape *iron balls*
As ill built fabricks by's own weight he falls,
As *Niobe* ſuppoſe him made of ſtone,
With marble ſides hard as the rock, his bone
Ribb'd like his veſſel, whom if you look on
Youl ſwear his ſoul's in *Na'urs* garriſon
Yet not ſecure, a little force hath broke
The ſturdy flint when art did give the ſtrok

A twisted silk much stronger is than thread,
Those who are finest made, not soonest dead.
How much of Canvas, and rude flesh was torn?
How many limbs broke in that *bloody morn*?
Yet *Maidstone*'s safe, the cruel Fates all day,
'Fore they could hit, their threatning balls did lay.
Some look on *Voluntiers* as on the Moon,
Which the Clown thinks made to be gaz'd upon
These are but vulgar errors, for each ray
Commands a wave, her all, the Seas obey.
Such true *Heroes*, who adorn their breast,
With a brave courage, not for fight were drest,
Yet the Ships Glory, they as *Colours* are
To shew whose Ship it is, and cause of War,
Which *Flags* of silk are oft with honour born,
On the *Main Top* when lower sails are torn.

Late Wars compar'd with those in former Ages.

SPeak not of men who dare in forrests stalk,
Mongst

Mongſt Dens and Caves, but who on Decks can
walk.
The Naval Squadrons when deſign'd for War,
Seem like a Wood where fierceſt Creatures are,
Whoſe *Images*, plac'd on the *Sterns*, do more
Affright than living ſavage Beaſts at ſhore,
Vnder thoſe ſhadows the loud Cannons roar,
Theſe ſenceleſs Figures onely made for ſtate,
Seem living when the Guns them animate;
From Maſt to Maſt Sea-men like Squirrels skip,
Whilſt great Guns roar, as Lions, in the ſhip;
A Fleets a moving Deſart on the Seas,
An artificial *floating Wilderneſs*.
When Souldiers were firſt train'd they onely
knew
To bend a *Wooden Arch*, a piece of *Eugh*,
Or ſturdy ſteal, which ſcorns its bridle ſtring,
And humane arms, whilſt it the ſhot doth ſling,
They ſent their darts like *winged death* through
the aire,
Whoſe threatning plumes ſtroke Armies in de-
ſpair,
But never bullet ſhot, which as it flyes,
Do's *whiſtle* death, and ſing mens *Obſequies*.

When

When steal's edg'd force, and *hollow brass* unknown,
Prodigious stones were by great *Ajax* thrown,
Which by success 'mongst Greeks were fam'd and made
The subject of Old *Homers* Iliade,
The Roman who by sieges spread his name,
His cheifest Engine was the battering Ram
When Cities were as *folds*, the *Hurdle wall*
By such mechanical devise did fall:
When brutish men first yok'd in towns were *stal'd*
And *Kings* and *Shepheards* by the same name call'd
The first and best of Engineers did use
Glass to burn Ships which were at *Syracuse*,
Such weapons if with ours compar'd are toyes,
Ours look like Soldiers arms, theirs fit for boyes;
Though Glasses (those bold thieves) out face the Sun,
And steal noons fire, they are by Guns out down,
Canons their Engines do as much surpass
As a Fire ship doth a smal burning Glass
Let Carthaginians talk of *Alps* and snow,
The Liquid Mountains, which on seas do flow,
Are much more terrible, *rock* mountains there,

Yield

Yield not to ſhips though fraught with vinegar
By punick Art 'haps ſuch ſowre liquor, can
Conſume *Land rocks*; not *thoſe* in th' Ocean,
All theſe can't fright, not rocks or rageing wind
Can 'ere make wreck of a true noble mind.

Canons more terrible than Thunder.

WHo Guns and Thunder will compare may ſee
How Heaven's out done by Earths artillery
To be aveng'd of ſome an angry *Jove*
Calls for a Cloud, and when it is above,
Contracting it's own nitrous parts, doth crowd
Them in the boſom of a diſmal Cloud,
Thus charg'd, it ſails about the ſpacious Aire
Striking ſome guilty Cowards in deſpair,
And makes an Emperour put's lawrel on
Fearing the Worlds, and's own deſtruction:
And when great *Jove* prepared ſtands to ſhoot,

Through

Through the Clouds bowels the enrag'd fire bursts
out,
The fluid sides its force doth rend in sunder,
And then's the crack wch Mortals do call thunder,
To make a noise like that once Art did try,
That *Earth might be the Eccho of the Sky*,
One envying the pompous State above
Did give a challenge to the thundring *Jove*,
A Chariotier with's *Bridge* thought he could vye
Noise with Heavens arch though his was not so
high.
But none Guns thunder counterfeited, that
Transcends all skill and power to imitate,
If Art and Nature joyn'd for a loud noise,
The Cannons roaring mouth would be their
choice,
Things so unlike who ever dar'd compare,
Guns brazen sides, and thunders cloudy aire?
The hollow Irons more dreadful and more loud
Than th' hollow heavens are with the thundring
clouds,
For a bolt sent from thence, may with its stroke,
Touch an unmoved hill or shake an Oak,
Split by unknown force, but when the Gun.

Send

Sends ſhot, that can rend ſhips, more oakes then one.

Thunder affrights with noyſe but hurts us not,
Like a gun charg'd with powder not with ſhot,
Lightnings like fireſhips with falſe *wooden guns*
Only can ſcorch the ſides by which it runs,
But when the priſon'd ſhot breaks looſe the gun
It ſelf doth *ſtart* and *carriage* backward run
No ſooner is the fire put to the *trayne*
But by one blow almoſt an army's ſlain;
The thundring clouds can't at all times appear
Heavens guns are *charging* at leaſt half the year,
From Spring to Autum, then the angry sky
Doth ſcorch the Earth which Summers heat made dry,)
But Canons force, quickas the ſudden eye,
One ſpark makes ſhot, ſwiſt as the lightnings fly
Such fatal thunder he did fear no more
Than noiſe proclaiming triumphs on the ſhore.
More brave than *Cæſar* he ſcorns *Laureal wreaths*
Though midſt ſea lightning, and the ſmoke, he breaths;
Cauſe when it thunder'd he no *laureal* wore
Its but juſt to crown him with't on ſhore.

Some Ships on Fire.

THese are home-dangers, when he looks abroad.
He ſees more terrours in the *watry Road*,
There fire and water in confuſion,
The world did ſeem to end as it begun,
For th' Elements contending on the main,
Seem'd a new *Chaos*, and confus'd again,
Sulphurous lightning all about he ſees,
Whoſe flaſhes threaten to lick up the Seas,
More dreadful 'twas than fire at *Phaeton*'s fall
That frighted Earth, but this do's Sea and all
Its powerful Gods, ſuch flames do fly about,
Which *Neptune* in's *full ſea* cannot put out
Nothing but flames, which way ſo e're he turn
The *grapling Keels* like *funeral Pil s* do burn,
Which *boards* ſome ſhips, and none its rage can ſtop,
Diſplaying its *flameing Flag* on the *Main top*,

That

(That *Lemnian Cripple* propt with one ſound leg)
With greateſt Monarchs will diſpute his *Flag*.
No buckets then can ſerve, no *Engine* can
Quench ſuch wild-fire though 't ſquirt the Ocean.
Seamen like ſpiders up the *Ropes* do climb,
And there they hang long as their weary'd limb
Can hold, but, when the rageing fire doth play,
To quench themſelves fall down into the Sea.
Wild beaſts at ſight of fire do ſtart, and fly,
And ſome with noiſe of Guns, not ſhot, do die,
But the brave Spirits dare themſelves involve
In fire which can't deſtroy, though 't can diſſolve,
They are *firſt principles*, who fear no flame,
Which may ſcortch bodies, but calcines their name.

More danger in a Sea-Fight, than in a Land-Battle.

FOrtune diſown's the name of *Wheel*, for ſhe
Makes ſeas the Emblem of unconſtancy;

She on a *watry globe* impowr'd to drown
More rash then *spokes* do's turn waves up and down:
The hardned Seamen, who their days have spent;
With patience, on th' unconstant Element
Say that their lives still border on despair
Their *flying Fish* scarce live 'twixt flouds and air,
Who can proynosticate where winds will blow
Or calculate how high the seas will flow,
By *lunar* aspects, when art that hath done
'Tis like a picture of a *changing moon*
A *Protean* face who ever could pourtrey
Or gogling eye which never looks, one way,
Seafights not rul'd by *science*, no sure skill
To protect lives, or certaine rule to kill
Who incamp's secure within his *line*,
And nought do's fear but earth quakes or a *mine*
Which may be sprung, from which point winds do *blow*;
He cares not seeing his footing's sure below;
But who on seas doth 'venture out to war
Must wait the leisure of some slow-pac't star
And fickle winds; The Roman with his spade
Hath level'd hills, and wayes through mountaines made

But

But *watry mounts* not ſtrength or art makes plain
A *planet queen* in rambling ſeas doth reign;
Only the moon can make ſeas riſe or fall,
And as ſhe runs her courſe obeys her call.

Some excuſe cowardize with Pretence that no Valour can be ſhewed at Sea.

TO ſtay on ſhore Cowards more pleas will feign
And cry down all the actions on the main,
They curſe the gods and do blind Fortune blame
And her *fit Engines*, guns which have no aime;
The ſhip doth ſtagger, and the moving gun
Unconſtant as the *wheel* it runs upon:
Canons ſurprize and do in ambuſh lay,
Peepe out of wood, and unexpected ſlay,
And as a Lyon Seiz'd of's prey doth roar
Come out of thickets not perceiv'd before;
Wh'in duels falls, or the ſwords victim lyes,
He ſees the *point* which threatens 'fore he dyes

But

But Bullets are not ſeen whilſt they do fly,
Clandeſtine murther gives them Victory,
And when that is obtain'd, the treach'rous Gun
Makes *Proclamation* of what ſhot hath done,
Who on the land with *ſteel* do miſs their *paſs*
Retract and ſtand on the ſame gorund and place,
And ſome land ſouldiers ſave themſelves by flight,
With as much honour as they could by fight,
But ſhips are priſons, and *the Naval Wall*,
Do's ſhut men up, till Fate ſayes who ſhall fall,
Theſe thoughts keeps ſome at home, who ne'r intend
To go beyond their *Thule*, the *Lands end*,
For fear the briny flouds their feet ſhould wet,
Their door poſts are *Herculean Pillars* ſet,
Theſe are like trees which on the Earth do ſtand
Ty'd faſt by roots and nouriſh't by the Land,
They are like ſhell-fiſh, and their ſouls home-bred.
Who ſtarve without a houſe ſpread o're their head;
This *Crab-fiſh Crew*, when they are forc't to ſea,
Though ſeeming *forward*, backward creep away,
They when the Fleets are ſmartly joyn'd in fight
Like *Iſles inchanted* vaniſh out of ſight,
And when there's thunder for their ears too loud,

Ænaas

Æneas like, pass off in smoke and clouds,
But *Maidstone* fought aloft in sight of all,
And made the World Spectators of his tall.
Some with these dangers terrified did weep,
Cowards like Reptiles in the Ark did did creep
Into the hole as Snakes without warm blood,
Or treacherous Greeks shut in a *Horse Wood.*

Loss of Men in the Ships.

TO see the number of the men there slain
Would make some blood congeal'd in every vein,
To see an arm broke here, and there a thigh
And legs design'd to walk, in th'air to fly,
Some would expire by kind sympathy
There are *dissections* where the small shot flie,
That fleas the man, and shews his Arteries,
And veins and sinews with the naked bone,
Without a help of a Chyrurgion,

But

But th' *great Shot* as terrible as great
Opens the breaſt and ſhews how the heart does
beat,
With ruins compaſs'd he undaunted ſtood,
Aloft 'mongſt *ſplinters* of the bones and *Wood*,
How many Cowards in a fearful fit,
Fancied themſelves next *blot* that ſhould be hit:
How many victims ſlain fell by his ſide,
How many deaths ſaw he before he dy'd,
The numerous Corps hurl'd over board that day,
Like men at *Chesboard* he ſaw *born away*,
True courage faints not though *bare bones* it ſee,
Neither doth ſtart at Wars Anatomy.
Though thouſands bleed on decks, and thouſands
ſlain
Like Monſters floating on the bloody *Main*,
Reliques of carcaſſes boy'd by the flood,
Like *Niles Productions* out of its *warm Mud*,
Yet all theſe ſights his valour could not check,
Which Scorns all ſtorms He's like a Maſt on Deck
If all were ſlain He'd call the ſhip his own,
Nought can diſturb brave ſouls poſſeſſion.

The

The Fleet becalm'd.

The Sullen Calm & the more thwarting tyde
Stood in the way when victory should ride,
Yet the stout English valour wont obey
Commands of *fickle air* or flowing sea,
If *Æolus* hold his, they'l breath a wind
Into their sailes, rather than lurck behind;
Sandwich and *Harman* both will crosse the sea
If *Neptune* frown they'l frown as much as he;
If he do side with the Dutch enemy
If *Æolus* be sullen, and the waves
Like a *dead sea*, they'l row like galley Slaves
With Canonns *iron oares*, for every gun
When 'twas discharg'd did serve to tug them on
The winds were like the cautious Swede and Dane
Who interposed in actions on the *Main*
And seem'd like friends but merely out of spite
They stopt their breath for to prevent the fight

Only part of the Fleet engaged.

HAve you not ſeen the Snake that dung hil-wonder,
When ſome ſtout arm cuts its ſleek back in ſunder,
Though't ſo diſabled that it cannot fight.
With *ſpiral* turnings would its part unite,
So the far ſever'd ſhips, and disjoyn'd Fleet
Did make *Meanders* on the Waves to meet;
Yet 'twas in vain, for Seamen with their skill
Tacking about, their ſayles could never fill.
Have you not ſeen a Champion, when he's held
By others ſtrength from ruſhing in the feild,
Doubles his rage, as *Sampſon* when he's bound
Did ſnap his cords, and all about him wound,
Such was the Engliſh valour, they on board
Did *Burſt* a cable as he ſnapt a *cord*,
For though the Calm oppoſing ſhips do tye,
Like ankors to their *bay* the bullets fly

Nobility

Nobility doth not degrade it self by encounters with the most best vassals.

THe want of courage some would thus excuse,
With a loud oath they swear they do not use
To fight gainst galley slaves, and when they dy'd
Would for their lives *as Peers by Peers*, be try'd
Such weak pretences this brave *Hero* scorn'd,
By the base foe the conquest is dorn'd
Champions design'd the greatest acts to do,
Fought not with starrs but baser things below.
Gyants were fools, who did the heavens assault,
'Tis more true valour t' enter in a vault
Where Snakes or Dragones are, such foes as these
Become *St. George*, or the great *Hercules*,
Who ugly *Polyphemus* hills in's den
Doth more than if he slew ten thousand men,
He who resolv'd to get the *name* of *man*
Fights not th' Athenians, But the African,

Some Hero's travel'd to the banks of *Nile*
'Cause famous for its monstrous Crocodile
The Champions so renown'd for Courage, when
They went to fight fought not for gentlemen,
Great *Theseus duel'd* Robbers and did slay
The plundring crew, which on the road did prey.
One Hero's virtue by a *dunghil* tryed,
By which the *Augean groom* was deified.
Who wanting foes above to try his might.
Did open earth, and went to Hell to fight,

My Lord kill'd by a shot, when the Dutch Fleet was at a great distance from the English, about six a clock in the Evening.

ALL mischief seems far off when it is near,
It ceases to be such caus't doth appear;
It is Fates method to conceal decrees,
What's most pernicious, that man seldom sees,
When Nature sighes, and doth resolve to kill,
She fools Physitians with pretended skill,

By

By what man falls these men of Art scarce know,
Till death strips man, and shews the mortal blow.
Dark Destinie with him did seem to play,
But a sad Vesper clos'd an auspicious day,
They seem'd unwilling, yet resolv'd his fall,
And then like *Jugglers* play'd a *Fatal Ball*.
When starrs fight against men, and Heavens wage War,
Saturn hurts most, though the most distant star,
As a land Captain he to death did yield,
The *first* who *enters*, but last leaves the field,
He fell, and as he fell, the Seamen cry,
Here is true *valour*, true *Nobility*,
They look't on him, and the *declining Sun*,
And when *both* sate, 'twas time the fight was done.

An

An Irenicum or Reflections on the Conditions of Peace by the Trumpeter.

COme *Triton* with thy Trumpet calm the Seas,
Proclaim no Triumph, only ſound like peace,
Away my Martial numbers it is meet,
You are laid by like a neglected Fleet,
My comick Muſe *Halcyon* like will reſt,
On the ſhore ſide, no Seas will wrack her neſt,
Now Guns are gagged, and ſpeak not as in War,
There is no ſound but of the Trumpeter:
Who on the Engliſh ſhores, in's braſs did blow
With ſuch ſucceſs as once 'gainſt *Jericho*,
For by's breath the Ships our wooden Wall
Gave way, though force could never make them fall,
Dutch bottoms like the Trojan bulky *Horſe*,
Which ne're could find away by *Arms* or force,
But when a treaſure in their *keeles* do bring,
The Fleet makes way as Convoy to a King.

FINIS.

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